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THE OLD YEAR.

I.

Tick-tick,—tick-tick,
The old clock on the shelf
Goes singing, singing on,
Then strikes—now Eleven—now Twelve,
When, hush! the Old Year is gone;
Yet still tick-tick, tick-tick,
The old clock sings all the same,
Nor slow, nor quick,
The same tick-tick
Keeps singing all the same.

II.

Click-click,—click-click,
The dull log on the hearth
Mimics the heartless clock,
And shows nor pain, nor mirth,
As if the Old Year to mock
With its dull click-click, click-click,
Which it mutters all the same,
Nor slow, nor quick,
The same click-click
Which it mutters all the same.

III.

Quick, quick,—quick, quick,
Meanwhile, my sorrowing heart
Throbs with a double throb,
That the Year and I must part,
And it with ne'er a sob,
Though, alas! its dread death-tick
Makes my heart beat all the same,
So quick, so quick,
Its dread death-tick
Makes my heart beat all the same.

H. C., Jr.

MR. MIDSHIPMAN BREEZY.

A NAVAL NOVEL.

BY CAPTAIN M-RY-T, R. N.

BY "BRET," THE CALIFORNIAN'S CONDENSED NOVELIST.

CHAPTER I.

My father was a north-country surgeon. He had retired, a widower, from her Majesty navy many years before, and had a small practice in his native village. When I was seven years old he employed me to carry medicines to his patients. Being of a lively disposition, I sometimes amused myself, during my daily rounds, by mixing the contents of the different phials. Although I have no reason to doubt that the general result of this practice was beneficial, yet, as the death of a consumptive curate followed the addition of a strong mercurial lotion to his expectorant, my father concluded to withdraw me from the profession and send me to school.

Grubbins, the schoolmaster, was a tyrant, and it was not long before my impetuous and self-willed nature rebelled against his authority. I soon began to form plans of revenge. In this I was assisted by Tom Snaffle—a fellow.

One day Tom suggested:

"Suppose we blow him up. I've got two pounds of powder!"

"No, that's too noisy," I replied.

Tom was silent for a minute, and again spoke:

"You remember how you flattened out the curate, Pills? Couldn't you give Grubbins something—something to make him leathery sick—eh?"

A flash of inspiration crossed my mind. I went to the shop of the village apothecary. He knew me; I had often purchased vitriol, which I poured into Grubbins' inkstand to corrode his pens and burn up his coat-tail, on which he was in the habit of wiping them. I boldly asked for an ounce of chloroform. The young apothecary winked and handed me the bottle.

It was Grubbins' custom to throw his handkerchief over his head, recline in his chair and take a short nap during recess. Watching my opportunity, as he dozed, I managed to slip his handkerchief from his face and substitute my own, moistened in chloroform. In a few minutes he was insensible. Tom and I then quickly shaved his head, beard and eyebrows, blackened his face with a mixture of vitriol and burnt cork, and fled.

There was a row and scandal the next day. My father always excused me by asserting that Grubbins had got drunk—but somehow found it convenient to procure me an appointment in Her Majesty's navy at an early day.

CHAPTER II.

An official letter, with the Admiralty seal, informed me that I was expected to join H. M. ship Belcher, Captain Boltrope, at Portsmouth, without delay.

In a few days I presented myself to a tall stern-visaged man, who was slowly pacing the leeward side of the quarter-deck.

As I touched my hat he eyed me sternly.

"So ho! Another young suckling. The service is going to the devil. Nothing but babes in the cockpit and grannies in the board. Boatswain's mate, pass the word for Mr. Cheek."

Mr. Cheek, the steward, appeared and touched his hat.

"Introduce Mr. Breezy to the young gentlemen. Stop! Where's Mr. Swizzle?"

"At the masthead, sir."

"Where's Mr. Lankey?"

"At the masthead, sir."

"Mr. Briggs?"

"Mastheaded, too, sir."

"And the rest of the young gentlemen?" roared the enraged officer.

"All mastheaded, sir."

"Ah!" said Cartain Boltrope, as he smiled grimly, "under the circumstances, Mr. Breezy, you had better go to the masthead, too."

CHAPTER III.

At the masthead I made the acquaintance of two youngsters of about my own age, one of whom informed me that he had been there three hundred and thirty-two days out of the year.

"In rough weather, when the old cock is out of sorts, you know, we never come down," added a young gentleman of nine years, with a dirk nearly as long as himself, who had been introduced to me as Mr. Briggs. "By the way, Pills," he continued, "how did you come to omit giving the captain a naval salute?"

"Why, I touched my hat," I said innocently.

"Yes, but that isn't enough, you know. That will do very well at other times. He expects the naval salute when you first come on board, greeny!"

I began to feel alarmed, and begged him to explain.

"Why, you see, after touching your hat, you should have touched him lightly with your forefinger in his waistcoat, so, and asked, 'How's his nibs?'—you see?"

"How's his nibs?" I repeated.

"Exactly. He would have drawn back a little and then you should have repeated the salute, remarking 'How's his royal nibs,' asking cautiously after his wife and family, and

requesting to be introduced to the gunner's daughter."

"The gunner's daughter?"

"The same; you know she takes care of us young gentlemen; now, don't forget, Pillsy."

When we were called down to the deck I thought it a good chance to profit by this instruction. I approached Captain Boltrope and repeated the salute without conscientiously omitting a single detail.

He remained, for a moment, livid and speechless. At length he gasped out:

"Boatswain's mate!"

"If you please, sir," I asked tremulously, "I should like to be introduced to the gunner's daughter!"

"O, very good, sir!" screamed Captain Boltrope, rubbing his hands and absolutely capering about the deck with rage. "O, d—n you! Of course you shall! O ho! the gunner's daughter! O, h—ll! this is too much! Boatswain's mate!"

Before I well knew where I was, I was seized, borne to an eight-pounder, tied upon and flogged.

CHAPTER IV.

As we sat together in the cockpit, picking the weevils out of our biscuit, Briggs consoled me for my late mishap, adding that the "naval salute," as a custom, seemed just then to be honored more in the *breach* than the observance. I joined in the hilarity occasioned by the witticism and in a few moments we were all friends.

Presently Swizzle turned to me:

"We have just been planning how to confiscate a keg of claret which Nips, the purser, keeps under his bunk. The old Nipcheese lies there drunk half the day, and there's no getting at it."

"Let's get beneath his stateroom and bore up through the deck, and so tap it," said Lankey.

The proposition was received with a shout of applause. A long half-inch auger and bit was procured from Chips, the carpenter's mate, and Swizzle, after a careful examination of the timbers beneath the wardroom, commenced operations.

The auger at last disappeared, when suddenly there was a slight disturbance on the deck above. Swizzle withdrew the auger hurriedly; from its point a few bright red drops trickled.

"Huzza! send her up again!" cried Lankey.

The auger was again applied.

This time a shriek was heard from the purser's cabin. Instantly the light was doused, and the party retreated hurriedly to the cockpit.

A sound of snoring was heard as the sentry stuck his head into the door. "All right, sir," he replied, in answer to the voice of the officer of the deck.

The next morning we heard that Nips was in the surgeon's hands, with a bad wound in the fleshy part of his leg, and that the auger had *not* struck claret.

CHAPTER V.

"Now, Pills, you'll have a chance to smell powder," said Briggs, as he entered the cockpit and buckled around his waist an enormous cutlass. "We have just sighted a French ship."

We went on deck. Captain Boltrope grinned as we touched our hats. He hated the purser.

"Come, young gentlemen, if you're boring for French claret, yonder's a good quality. Mind your con, sir," he added, turning to the quartermaster, who was grinning.

The ship was already cleared for action. The men, in their eagerness, had started the coffee from the tubs and filled them with shot. Presently the Frenchman yawed, and a shot from a long thirty-two came skipping over the water.

It killed the quartermaster and took off both of Lanky's legs. "Tell the purser our account is squared," said the dying boy, with a feeble smile.

The fight raged fiercely for two hours. I remember killing the French Admiral, as we boarded, but on looking around for Briggs, after the smoke had cleared away, I was intensely amused at witnessing the following novel sight:

Briggs had pinned the French captain against the mast with his cutlass, and was now engaged, with all the hilarity of youth, in pulling the captain's coat-tails between his legs, in imitation of a dancing-jack. As the Frenchman lifted his legs and arms at each jerk of Briggs', I could not help participating in the general mirth.

"You young devil, what are you doing," said a stifled voice behind me. I looked up and beheld Captain Boltrope, endeavoring to calm his stern features, but the twitching around his mouth betrayed his intense enjoyment of the scene. "Go to the masthead—up with you, sir!" he repeated sternly to Briggs.

"Very good, sir," said the boy, coolly preparing to mount the shrouds. "Good-bye, Johnny Crapaud. Humph!" he added, in a tone intended for my ear, "A pretty way to treat a hero—the service is going to the devil!"

I thought so too.

CHAPTER VI.

We were ordered to the West Indies. Although Captain Boltrope's manner toward me was still severe and even harsh, I understood that my name had been favorably mentioned in the despatches.

Reader, were you ever at Jamaica? If so, you remember the negresses, the oranges, Port Royal Tom—the yellow fever. After being two weeks at the station, I was taken sick of the fever. In a month I was delirious. During my paroxysms, I had a wild, distempered dream of a stern face bending anxiously over my pillow, a rough hand smoothing my hair, and a kind voice saying:

"Bless his 'ittle heart! Did he have the naughty fever." This face seemed again to change to the well-known, stern features of Captain Boltrope.

When I was convalescent, a packet edged in black was put into my hand. It contained the news of my father's death, and a sealed letter which he had requested to be given to me on his decease. I opened it tremblingly. It read thus:

"My Dear Boy,—I regret to inform you that in all probability you are not my son. Your mother, I am grieved to say, was a highly improper person. Who your father may be, I really cannot say, but perhaps the Honorable Henry Boltrope, Captain R. N., may be able to inform you. Circumstances over which I have no control, have deferred this important disclosure.

Your Stricken Parent.

And so Captain Boltrope was my father. Heavens! Was it a dream? I recalled his stern manner, his observant eye; his ill-concealed uneasiness when in my presence. I longed to embrace him. Staggering to my feet I rushed in my scanty apparel to the deck where Captain Boltrope was just then engaged in receiving the Governor's wife and daughter. The ladies shrieked; the youngest, a beautiful girl, blushed deeply. Heeding them not, I sank at his feet and embracing them, cried:

"My father!"

"Chuck him overboard!" roared Captain Boltrope.

"Stay," pleaded the soft voice of Clara Maitland, the Governor's daughter.

"Shave his head! he's a wretched lunatic!" continued Captain Boltrope, while his voice trembled with excitement.

"No, let me nurse and take care of him," said the lovely girl, blushing as she spoke. "Mamma, can't we take him home?"

The daughter's pleading was not without effect. In the meantime I had fainted. When I recovered my senses I found myself in Governor Maitland's mansion.

CHAPTER VII.

The reader will guess what followed. I fell deeply in love with Clara Maitland, to whom I confided the secret of my birth. The generous girl asserted that she had detected the superiority of my manner at once. We plighted our troth, and resolved to wait upon events.

Briggs called to see me a few days afterward. He said that the purser had insulted the whole cockpit, and all the midshipmen had called him out. But he added thoughtfully: "I don't see how we can arrange the duel. You see there are six of us to fight him."

"Very easily," I replied. "Let your fellows all stand in a row and take his fire that, you see, gives him six chances to one, and he must be a bad shot if he can't hit one of you; while, on the other hand, you see, he gets a volley from you six, and one of you'll be certain to fetch him."

"Exactly," and away Briggs went, but soon returned to say that the purser had declined—"like a d—d coward," he added.

But the news of the sudden and serious illness of Captain Boltrope put off the duel. I hastened to his bedside, but too late—an hour previous he had given up the ghost.

I resolved to return to England. I made known the secret of my birth, and exhibited my adopted father's letter to Lady Maitland, who at once suggested my marriage with her

daughter before I returned to claim the property. We were married, and took our departure next day.

I made no delay in posting at once, in company with my wife and my friend Briggs, to my native village. Judge of my horror and surprise when my late adopted father came out of his shop to welcome me.

"Then you are not dead!" I gasped.

"No, my dear boy."

"And this letter?"

My father—as I must still call him—glanced on the paper and pronounced it a forgery. Briggs roared with laughter. I turned to him and demanded an explanation.

"Why, don't you see, Greeny, it's all a joke—a midshipman's joke!"

"But—" I asked.

"Don't be a fool. You've got a good wife—be satisfied."

I turned to Clara, and was satisfied. Although Mrs. Maitland never forgave me, the jolly old Governor laughed heartily over the joke, and so well used his influence that I soon became, dear reader, Admiral Breezy, K. C. B.

(From the Californian.)

"MARK TWAIN"

ON THE

LAUNCH OF THE STEAMER "CAPITAL."

I GET MR. MUFF NICKERSON TO GO WITH ME AND ASSIST IN REPORTING THE GREAT STEAMBOAT LAUNCH. HE RELATES THE INTERESTING HISTORY OF THE TRAVELLING PANORAMIST.

I was just starting off to see the launch of the great steamboat *Capital*, on Saturday week, when I came across Mulph, Mulff, Muff, Mumph, Murph, Mumf, Murf, Mumford, Mulford, Murphy Nickerson—(he is well known to the public by all these names, and I cannot say which is the right one)—bound on the same errand. He said that if there was one thing he took more delight in than another, it was a steamboat launch; he would walk miles to see one, any day; he had seen a hundred thousand steamboat launches in his time, and hoped he might live to see a hundred thousand more; he knew all about them; knew everything—everything connected with them—said he "had it all down to a scratch;" he could explain the whole process in minute detail; to the uncultivated eye a steamboat launch presented nothing grand, nothing startling, nothing beautiful, nothing romantic, or awe-inspiring, or sublime—but to an optic like his (which saw not the dull outer coating, but the radiant gem it hid from other eyes), it presented all these—and behold, he had power to lift the veil and display the vision even unto the uninspired. He could do this by word of mouth—by explanation and illustration. Let a man stand by his side, and to him that launch should seem arrayed in the beauty and the glory of enchantment!

This was the man I wanted. I could see that plainly enough. There would be many reporters present at the launch, and the papers would teem with the inevitable old platitudinal trash which this sort of people have compelled to do duty on every occasion like this since Noah launched his ark; but I aspired to higher things. I wanted to write a report which should astonish and delight the whole intellectual world—which should dissect, analyze, and utterly exhaust the subject—which should serve for a model in this species of literature for all time to come. I dropped alongside of Mr. M. M. M. M. M. M. M. M. M. Nickerson, and we went to the launch together.

We set out in a steamer whose decks were crowded with persons of all ages, who were happy in their nervous anxiety to behold the novelty of a steamboat launch. I tried not to pity them, but I could not help whispering to myself, "These poor devils will see nothing but some stupid boards and timbers nailed together—a mere soulless hulk—sliding into the water!"

As we approached the spot where the launch was to take place, a gentleman from Reese River, by the name of Thompson, came up, with several friends, and said he had been prospecting on the main deck, and had found an object of interest—a bar. This was all very well, and showed him to be a man of parts—but like many another man who produces a favorable impression by an introductory remark replete with wisdom, he followed it up with a vain and unnecessary question—would we take a drink? This to me! This to M. M. M., etc., Nickerson!

We proceeded, two-by-two, arm-in-arm, down to the bar in the nether regions, chatting pleasantly, and elbowing the restless multitude. We took pure, cold, health-giving water, with some other things in it, and clinked our glasses together, and were about to drink, when Smith, of Excelsior, drew forth his handkerchief and wiped away a tear; and then, noticing that the action had excited some attention, he explained it by recounting a most affecting incident in the history of a venerated aunt of his—now deceased—and said that, although long years had passed since the touching event he had narrated, he could never take a drink without thinking of the kind-hearted old lady.

Mr. Nickerson blew his nose, and said, with deep emotion, that it gave him a better opinion of human nature to see a man who had had a good aunt, eternally and forever thinking about her.

This episode reminded Jones, of Mud Springs, of a circumstance which happened many years ago in the home of his childhood, and we held our glasses untouched and rested our elbows on the counter, while we listened with rapt attention to his story.

There was something in it about a good-natured, stupid man, and this reminded Thompson, of Reese River, of a person of the same kind whom he had once fallen in with while travelling through the back settlements of one of the Atlantic States, and we postponed drinking until he should give us the facts in the case. The hero of the tale had unintentionally created some consternation at a camp-meeting by one of his innocent asinine freaks, and this reminded Mr. M. Nickerson of a reminiscence of his temporary sojourn in the interior of Connecticut some months ago, and again our uplifted glasses were stayed on their way to our lips, and we listened attentively to

THE ENTERTAINING HISTORY OF THE SCRIPTURAL PANORAMIST.

[I give the story in Mr. Nickerson's own language.]

There was a fellow travelling around, in that country (said Mr. Nickerson), with a moral religious show—a sort of a scriptural panorama—and he hired a wooden-headed old slab to play the piano for him. After the first night's performance, the showman says:

"My friend, you seem to know pretty much all the tunes there are, and you worry along first-rate. But then didn't you notice that sometimes last night the piece you happened to be playing was a little rough on the proprieties so to speak—didn't seem to jibe with the general gait of the picture that was passing at the time, as it were—was a little foreign to the subject, you know—as if you didn't either trump or follow suit, you understand?"

"Well, no," the fellow said; he hadn't noticed, but it might be; he had played along just as it came handy.

So they put it up that the simple old dummy was to keep his eye on the panorama after that, and as soon as a stunning picture was reeled out, he was to fit it to a dot with a piece of music that would help the audience get the idea of the subject, and warm them up like a camp-meeting revival. That sort of thing would corral their sympathies, the showman said.

There was a big audience that night—mostly middle-aged and old people who belonged to the church and took a strong interest in Bible matters, and the balance were pretty much young bucks and heifers—*they* always come out strong on panoramas, you know, because it gives them a chance to taste one another's mugs in the dark.

Well, the showman began to swell himself up for his lecture, and the old mud-dobber tackled the piano and run his fingers up and down once or twice to see that she was all right, and the fellows behind the curtain commenced to grind out the panorama. The showman balanced his weight on his right foot, and propped his hands on his hips, and flung his eyes over his shoulder at the scenery, and says:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the painting now before you illustrates the beautiful and touching parable of the Prodigal Son. Observe the happy expression just breaking over the features of the poor suffering youth—so worn and weary with his long march: note also the ecstasy beaming from the uplifted countenance of the aged father, and the joy that sparkles in the eyes of the excited group of youths and maidens, and seems ready to burst in a welcoming chorus from their lips. The lesson, my friends, is as solemn and instructive as the story is tender and beautiful."

The mud-dobber was all ready, and the second the speech was finished he struck up:

"Oh, we'll all get blind drunk
When Johnny comes marching home!"

Some of the people giggled, and some groaned a little. The showman couldn't say a word. He looked at the piano sharp, but he was all lovely and serene—*he* didn't know there was anything out of gear.

The panorama moved on, and the showman drummed up his grit and started in fresh:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the fine picture now unfolding itself to your gaze exhibits one of the most notable events in Bible History—our Saviour and his disciples upon the Sea of Galilee. How grand, how awe-inspiring are the reflections which the subject invokes! What sublimity of faith is revealed to us in this lesson from the sacred writings! The Saviour rebukes the angry waves, and walks securely upon the bosom of the deep!"

All around the house they were whispering: "Oh, how lovely! how beautiful!" and the orchestra let himself out again:

"Oh, a life on the ocean wave,
And a home on the rolling deep!"

There was a good deal of honest snickering turned on this time, and considerable groaning, and one or two old deacons got up and went out. The showman gritted his teeth and cursed the piano man to himself, but the fellow sat there like a knot on a log, and seemed to think he was doing first-rate.

After things got quiet, the showman thought he would make one more stagger at it, any how, though his confidence was beginning to get mighty shaky. The supes started the panorama to grinding along again, and he says:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this exquisite painting illustrates the raising of Lazarus from the dead by our Saviour. The subject has been handled with rare ability by the artist, and such touching sweetness and tenderness of expression has he thrown into it, that I have known peculiarly sensitive persons to be even affected to tears by looking at it. Observe the half-confused, half-inquiring look, upon the countenance of the awakening Lazarus. Observe, also, the attitude and expression of the Saviour, who takes him gently by the sleeve of his shroud with one hand, while he points with the other toward the distant city."

Before anybody could get off an opinion in the case, the innocent old ass at the piano struck up:

"Come rise up, William Ri-i-ley,
And go along with me!"

It was rough on the audience, you bet you. All the solemn old fiats got up in a huff to go, and everybody else laughed till the windows rattled.

The showman went down and grabbed the orchestra and shook him up, and says:

"That lets you out, you know, you chowder-headed old clam! Go to the door-keeper and get your money, and cut your stick!—vamose the ranch! Ladies and gentlemen, circumstances over which I have no control compel me prematurely to dismiss—"

"By George! it was splendid!—come! all hands! let's take a drink!"

It was Phelim O'Flannigan, of San Luis Obispo, who interrupted. I had not seen him before. "What was splendid?" I inquired.

"The launch!"

Our party clinked glasses once more, and drank in respectful silence.

MARK TWAIN.

P. S. You will excuse me from making a model report of the great launch. I was with Mulf Nickerson, who was going to "explain the whole thing to me as clear as glass," but, you see, they launched the boat with such indecent haste, that we never got a chance to see it. It was a great pity, because Mulph Nickerson understands launches as well as any man.

WHAT SANTA CLAUS BROUGHT ME.

BY FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.

The pale moon shimmered through the blind;
Heart-broken moaned the homeless wind,
As if the whole world was unkind.

The chimes with wild harmonic din,
From turrets, rang the New Year in—
The infant born without a sin.

Amid a heap of ashes hoar,
Like heart that ruin bravely bore,
Still glowed the pine-log's dull-red core.

"There is," thought I (as aerial mirth,
From belfries, tingled to my hearth),
"No sadder heart than mine on earth!

"It is the solemn midnight hour,
When Santa Claus, with fairy power,
On sleeping Youth bestows his dower.

"And many a curly head to-night,
That dreams upon the pillow white,
Beholds rare visions of delight.

"Each urchin, true to magic laws,
His head beneath the bed-clothes draws,
And lists for coming Santa Claus.

"Through nursery-rooms the whispers run
Of wonder if the deed is done,
And longings for the morning's sun.

"And all will wake with seeking eyes,
And all will meet with sweet surprise;
For me alone no joy will rise.

"There is but one gift prized by me,
But one pure pearl in Life's dark sea;
And none will bring me Bertha Lee.

"For I am poor, if young and bold,
And though her fondest vows I hold,
I can not clasp the links with gold.

"With bitter words and insults sore,
Her father chased me from his door,
Yet Bertha loved me all the more.

"And when we met in secret, said,
'The dying year shall not be dead
Ere this great sorrow shall have fled.'

"Ah! women's hearts, when skies are free,
Like pleasure-boats will tempt the sea,
But at the first cloud turn and flee.

"And Bertha since that last sweet tryst,
When Hope from off her lips I kissed,
Has given no sign that I am missed.

"Though I have haunted every place
Where I may hope to see her face,
I find no token, and no trace.

"Bells, ring your triumph through the sky!
I joy not that the year should die:
None mourn his burial more than I."

While thus I conned my sorrow o'er,
And learned a pain unknown before,
There came a tapping at my door.

A gentle tap—and then a pause.
"Who's there?" "For me each bolt withdraws;
I am a gift from Santa Claus!"

Oh, Heaven! that voice—it scarce could be!
With one quick leap the door was free,
And on my breast lay Bertha Lee.

Lay on my heart all pale—all cold!
I kissed the snow from her hair of gold;
I held her as Love alone could hold!

Still rang the chimes from belfries brown,
But through the vast triumphal town
There was no joy that mine could crown!

The midnight heard my joyous cry.
"Bells, greet the New Year in the sky!
None welcome his coming so much as I!"

ONE OF THE DAYS OF MY LIFE.

BY MRS. R. H. STODDARD.

To-day I prefer this silent and sombre room. The idle hills around look greener than ever; the trees twinkle in the sunshine, and the sea laps the beach lovingly, but I will stay here, for my heart is touched with the anguish of memory.

In my duties and enjoyments I too often forget the days of trouble endured by me and mine.

When some association recalls the past, I undergo agonies of remorse, because, like all the rest of the world, I have eaten and drunken, as though it had never been. I suffer my thoughts to dwell on it as an expiation for my indifference and forgetfulness, till I am exhausted, and time brings round its healing power again.

I have come back to my native town, to visit the relative who occupies the house where my mother lived and died, and where we children were born. Some of us died in infancy. Two of the boys, when grown to manhood, went from us to live in foreign parts. My sister and I were left, and here we lived until she went from the old house, never to return.

This was her room. My aunt, who is a lonely woman, and who possesses the trait of veneration common to women, has kept, not only this room but several others, in the same state in which she found them, when, by my father's will, she took possession of the house. The room fronts the North. The horizon is edged with a belt of woods. Here and there a tree has strayed into the fields which slope down to the low orchard, that lies under the window. The old fir-tree in yonder field where the crows lighted, on their way to the sea shore, still stretches out its ragged, dusty boughs, and the great rock behind it looks as grim and mysterious as it did when I used to clamber over years ago. The white clouds are boiling up above the woods in the serene blue sky. The rows of stone wall half bidden with shining vines, glisten in the sun. The grain nods and trembles in the shadows that play over it. Birds are flying to and fro, piping to their mates in the distant wood. It was the same when I looked from this window many a summer ago. It is beautiful, but to me it is as sad as death.

The deserted air of the room harmonizes with my sadness; though the furniture is the same, and the pictures and books remain as Lily arranged them, a stranger would know that its animating spirit had left it forever.

The little French bed is uncovered, and the curtains and carpet are faded; "a dwelling-place, and yet no habitation."

Opening the drawer in her writing table I find a rusty ink-stained pen; a little box of seals with the mottoes I so well remember; a bunch of flower-stalks tied with ribbon, and some letter-envelopes addressed in her name. How strange they look! There is the very one that came that day,—the day that I am now to speak of.

It was an October morning. I awoke at daybreak, and saw the light, ray to ray, look into the windows of the large guest-chamber where I had slept. My sister Lily was in the next room. She had been ill three weeks, and I had taken care of her. She felt better, she said, the night before, and she wanted me to leave her, and take the rest I so much needed. I went, and it seemed to me that I had just fallen asleep when the whole house was startled by a shriek from Lily's chamber. In a moment we were by her bedside. She was not in her bed, but under it, crying, and talking inarticulately. We coaxed her back to the bed; she said she had been pursued by some one who wished to take her away, and she hid from him. It was then about midnight: we went to rest again, and left my aunt to take care of her for the remainder of the night. Early as it was, I rose, dressed, and went down stairs. My mother was astir, and had given orders for breakfast. She said the fright we had, had spoiled her sleep, but that Lily was better, and was then sleeping soundly. I went into the kitchen and talked about Lily, with old Hannah, who was baking cakes. It was always busy and noisy there, and I felt enlivened. Breakfast was served in the family-room. There were but three at the table, my father, mother, and myself. A wood fire burned on the heath; the cherry hiss of the oak sticks, the aromatic smell of the coffee, and the taste of Hannah's cakes—I remember them as perfectly as I remember everything connected with that strange day. From the windows of this room we had a prospect of the bay; the beach was the Southern boundary of our place. The day was calm; the sun, half veiled in haze, glimmered through it, more like the moon than himself. The long lines of shimmering water, seemed to roll backward as well as forward, as if the sea were waiting for some sign to fall on either shore. In its movement it was silent. I left my father and mother chatting over the table, and went up to Lily's room, whose windows commanded the prospect I have just spoken of. She was sitting up in bed; the window curtain was drawn aside, and she was staring at the sea. Her long brown hair fell down her pale narrow face, and she held in her hand a cup of untasted drink. I asked her if I should comb her hair, and arrange her bed. "Not yet," she answered; "I will rest a while." She gave me the cup, and laid back on the pillow. Her illness was a capricious one. She had been moved from chamber to chamber as her fancy dictated, and the one she now occupied was my own. She had been alone much of the time, while I sat in the next room, within her call. She was regaining her health slowly, the doctor told us, and would soon be about, but she was so weak and fragile that we indulged her in all her caprices. One of them had been that I should be her nurse. I was her patient rather; she ordered me as if I were a child; made me perform the most trivial things over and over again. She scolded me, and accused me, and yet I could see that she wanted me near her.

Lily was eighteen, and I was twenty-three. We were different in character and person. Although we were the only children at home, we sympathised less with each other than with any members of our family. We dressed differently, chose different friends, and had always occupied different rooms. When we were away from home, we never wrote each other, and at home we were seldom together. Lily had musical talent, and occasionally, when I begged her, she would play for me the music that she knew I loved, and in the way I liked, piece after piece, without any interval between them. At such times we talked amicably together, but never confidentially. She liked to make me laugh, by telling me what she called her adventures. But I could never feel that she was related to me, and I cannot remember having felt any gladness when we met each other after a separation. I thought her unfeeling. She bore pain like an Indian, and we should not have known her suffering, had she not been so fragile in strength. She fainted often, and her convulsive tremblings betrayed her, when she would not allow herself to utter a groan. With all her power of endurance, she was so sensitive that the touch of silk or velvet made her nerves crawl, and the sight of a worm made her turn pale.

Terrible words sometimes passed between us. Once I struck her—lifted my hand, and smote her delicate cheek. I, a grown woman, did it!

Domestic tragedies are everywhere. No day passes wherein a portion of one is not enacted. But they are hidden till death not only reveals many an infernal secret, but renders justice to the departed soul, who lived and died misunderstood and wronged. It is almost universally true, that parents and children, brothers and sisters, are ignorant of each others' inner lives. Why is it, that for twenty years of ignorance, one must live twenty more of remorse, repentance, and expiation?

Lily laid back on her pillow, and I took up my sewing. It was a white muslin morning gown, finished except the hem. I sewed in silence. A fire brand broke now and then, and fell on the hearth, and a solitary fly buzzed in the pane. I looked up at Lily, and met her eye. She smiled faintly, and said: "You and I have become a little better acquainted lately, I think."

I threw down my now completed work, but made no reply.

"Will you," she said, "get from my portfolio that letter which came last week, and read it? It is from B.'s sister; he was buried the other day, and she wrote me about it. B. loved me; did you know it?"

I found the letter and read it; I had seen B. a hundred times, but never with Lily.

"When I get well," she continued, "I mean we shall be happier together. I have been thinking about it since I was first taken ill. You wondered, all of you, at my restlessness. As you moved me from room to room, I seemed to emerge from the clouds that had so long hid us from each other, and when I came here I felt still clearer. It will all be settled between us soon, I am sure. I used to think your room quite an Eden. I suppose because you never asked me into it. I have always admired you. I could not tell you so before, but you will know me some day. And mother, too,—why does mother laugh when I tell her I shall write a poem yet? Well, I have hated you, too; hated you the most when I thought you were loved by some man. I have imitated you, and that has made you despise me. When you went away from home, I used to come in here, and look at your pictures, and turn over the books you liked best. I thought I might find a key that would unlock the door of knowledge and teach me what you really were. Do you remember the day you found me here with your journal in my hand? I did not care for your secrets, but I wanted to keep a journal, and I did not know how. I have kept one since, and you may see it. And do you remember, long ago, how you shook me one day for breaking a bottle of precious perfume that L. had given you? What made you so fierce? But I bit you."

"Yes," I answered, "I have the scar on my hand still—a keepsake I shall always wear."

"Let me kiss it," begged Lily.

I went to the bed, and she took my hand and held it to her lips. I pushed away her tangled hair and kissed her forehead, and went and sat down by the hearth, where we could not see each other. I did not feel like talking, but Lily began again. "I have been engaged to Charley F. a year. I think he must be dead, too. It is three months since I heard from him."

"Why," I said, "you do not love him, do you?"

"No, not much. I love one of your admirers. I cannot give away my heart twice, can I? Are you aware of your cruelty?" she continued, raising her voice to a loud, steady pitch. "None but your victims tell you of your coquetries, do they? Will you think me romantic if I say I am one? It is over now; my fury and despair have died away, or I could not say what I am saying without cursing. Go back in thought to that first year, when A. came here. Do you imagine that I suffered much when I saw him with you, day after day, month after month? What a weak man he was! How nicely his nature allowed you to prolong my torture! For I knew well that you kept him at arm's length, and at no greater distance either. It was a long time before I could find out whether he loved you, or whether *he* played a game, too. Do you recall the evenings when your imperious eyes forced me to go, and leave you with him? Do you think that I slept through the long still hours, while you coiled round him with looks of fire, and touched him with hot hands? Oh, no! I waited patiently in the little chamber over the hall, till he left you, and then I went after him. You could not hear my steps. I took off my shoes and walked, many a night in the dew and damp, without them. And we stood under your window, too; the lamp behind your curtain was the light by which we saw each others' faces. Why did you walk about sometimes? We counted the turns your shadow took? You were ever too proud to look about you, and you have been blind, blind. The man must have been afraid of me, must he not? I have seen his face grow white

and his eyes dilate, when we three were together, and I have made him a sign that I should wait for him. I despised him as much as I loved him. What's the reason why I said I would marry Charley F.? Admire the worldly forethought which convinced me that it would be better to have a good husband, than a wicked lover!"

Lily ceased talking. I looked into the fire a long time; what I saw there employed my attention. It was a grotesque city, and my eyes followed a procession that was threading its crooked streets. Red trees grew there, with white fruit; elephants tramped along, and tore them down; and hearses went by, whose palls blackened as they passed. The balconies of the houses were continually falling off, and the towers of castles toppling over. All was as strange and beautiful as the grown-up stories I read when I was a child, and could not understand.

The silence was broken by a slight cough from Lily. There was something so strange in it, that I started to my feet, and looked over the foot-board at her. She did not speak, nor look at me. I ran down-stairs to find my mother. She was in the kitchen; her lap was full of golden-skinned peaches, which she was preparing to preserve. "Mother, I wish you would go up to Lily; she looks strangely." She went up quickly, and, an instant after, I heard her voice calling to some one to go for the doctor. I staid below, and from that moment remained in a strange condition, which those who have passed through a crisis will understand. My perceptions were sharp, but my sensibilities were completely deadened. When the doctor came, he said nothing; how, indeed, could he? He knew no more than we did. I wandered about the house, in and out of every room and chamber, looking out of the windows; looking over drawers, books, reading the newspapers, or watching whatever any person was doing near me. There was confusion in the house; not a room was put in order that day. The servants lolled out of the windows, and hung about the kitchen-fire, and talked together with low voices. I saw some of our neighbors creeping to and fro in the passages. The opening and shutting of the doors had a distant, muffled sound. The great clock ticked so loudly in the dining-room, that I heard it up-stairs; it seemed to be coming up, step by step.

It was afternoon when my father drove furiously into the yard. He had been away since breakfast, and must have been sent for. He came in, with his whip in his hand, and passed up-stairs. A moment after, I heard the street-door shut. He took no dinner; none of us sat down to dinner. About three o'clock the post came in; there were letters for Lily. One was in the handwriting of the man she had last spoken of. I carried them up to her. She took them in her hand; the child's eyes were too dim to read the outside. She held them a moment without attempting to break their seals, and then returned them to me, and said, in a nonchalant tone, "Throw them in my drawer." Mother followed me to the door, and whispered that Lily would not have her hair touched, nor be stirred in any way. She looked at me inquiringly, but spoke as if she were merely telling me an ordinary fact, and I received it as such; but I rushed away. But once (it was in Lily's own chamber) I came to my senses. I wring my hands till they ached. I caught sight of Lily's little slippers on the floor, and I stared at them till I could see nothing but dizzy specks in the air.

The long day dragged to a close. At six o'clock, the servants huddled away the dinner, and laid the table for supper. Mother came down and poured the tea for us hurriedly. As she did so, I noticed on her finger the slender ring which Lily had always worn. The scene was the same as in the morning, except that candles were on the table. The windows were still open. The sea was as silent as it had been all day, and I saw the shimmering water roll backward and forward in the rays of light that streamed across it from the lighthouse on the opposite point. The sky had merely darkened; no moon nor stars were visible. not a word was spoken, and mother soon went back to Lily. I took my seat in mother's easy chair, and watched the smoke from my father's cigar; its ashes fell on his clothes unheeded, and he moved it about in his mouth. As fast as one was consumed he lighted another, and I still watched him. There was a continual passing through the room, for it was midway between the kitchen and the hall, but my father never moved, nor turned his head toward the persons that came and went.

Late in the evening I went to see Lily. The lamp was on the floor, and it threw heavy shadows on the ceiling. Two women sat in one corner of the room, I knew them, but I did not speak. Mother was there; she looked pale and sorrowful. Lily was motionless; her hand was twisted in her hair, and she looked at the shadows on the wall. Her nightgown was open on her bosom—how marble white it was! How lovely! I pressed forward between mother and the bed, and looked at her with my face close to hers. She made no sign, and I passed out, and never saw Lily again. I went into the guest-chamber where I had slept the night before, slowly undressed, folded my clothes piece by piece, and went to sleep without the thought that Lily was dying.

A lamp shone in the room, and some one said, "Come, if you would see her." I sprang from the bed, and flew to the door. A long gentle sigh arrested me on the threshold. It was answered by the sea, which gathered itself up, and fell on the shore with a sharp wail. Lily died then. It was the same hour that we rushed to her door the night before.

My eyes fell on mother. She stood within the room, her hand raised as if to avert a blow; her eyes were wild and tearless. Her doom was spoken that night. The death-angel brushed against her as he bore Lily's spirit away.

They wrapped Lily in the muslin gown I had finished that morning, and buried her in a storm.

One of the women, whom I saw sitting in the corner of the room that night, brought me a heavy tress of Lily's hair. She would have spoken to me, but I waved my hand to her, and she turned away. For a long time afterward that woman interested me painfully. She had been alone with Lily several hours the night she died; for my mother, overcome with fatigue, had gone to her own room. This woman was the one who had called me in Lily's last moments; and I never ceased to ask myself, and to ponder over this question 'What did Lily say to her?" I never asked the woman, and I never shall now. But it is still a thought of mingled pain and satisfaction, that there lives one who might reveal the mystery of Lily's death.

I went to her grave yesterday, and pulled up some long yellow grass by the roots; I shall take it with me when I return.

(For the Saturday Press.)

OUT IN THE COLD.

Shivering under the gaslight glare, shivering through the shade,
Barefoot treading the furrows bare which the pitiless snow has made,
Wearily through the biting wind, shivering through the sleet,
With the Christmas echoes keeping time to the tread of the quivering feet!
Closer wrap the tattered shawl round the wan and wasted frame,
A pauper's lot is a pauper's life, and a blush for a pauper's name.
What though the glow of the fireside warmth through the curtained window steal,
'Tis not for the heart that is heavy and sick its cheering ray to feel:
What though the chimes of the jingling bells their gladdening carols sing,
'Tis not for the ear that is frozen and cold that their jovial changes ring;
On—through the whirl of the bustling street, on—through the hum and the glare,
Past the busy shops where the flashing light gilds many a flaunting ware,
And with tottering step past the stately homes where the voices of pleasure and mirth
Ring their echoes out on the frosty air from the happier children of Earth;
What though the staggering foot may halt, for the limbs are shrunken and frail,
And what if she sink on the frozen ground, with a murmur too weak for a wail,
Or what if to-morrow the passer shall find, half mantled with many a flake
That she crept to the couch of the comforter—Death, and sleepeth too soundly to wake.

* * * * * * *

"Only another" you think as you read "Died from Exposure and cold,"
As it catches your glance and slips from your mind as you look for the "figures on gold."
Only another one out of the way, the world will move on as before,
And no one will miss her and no one will care, there are many—Ah how many!—more.

Ah! happy and blest, in your splendor confessed,
And rich in the blessings of time,
Do ye think that for you and the privileged few
Shall be garnered the riches sublime,
Where the glories that seem like the tale of a dream
While the earthly our senses bedim,
In the light of the Throne shall in fullness be shown,
And shall thrill through the Seraphim's hymn;
Where the weak and oppressed from their sorrows shall rest,
And the weary their wanderings cease,
And the children of woe, in their sojourn below,
Shall ascend to the fullness of Peace.

Beware! Oh Beware! lest their poverty there
Shall be changed into raiment anew,
Lest your scarlet shall pale, and your riches shall fail,
And the tatters be given to you;—
Oh let Faith and let Hope light the path where ye grope,
And let charity, greater than they,
Store the wealth of the just where the moth nor the rust
Can corrupt nor destroy nor decay!

S. F.

MR. SOTHERN ON SPIRITUALISM.

[Mr. E. A. Sothern, the actor, has come out with a long letter in the English papers explaining his position in respect to Spiritualism. The substance of it will be found in the following extract.]

"There is an article in the SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE in which I am referred to. The main count in the indictment against me is thus stated:

"'A few years ago a party of spiritualists in New York composed chiefly of actors and actresses, held regular sittings for the production of spiritual phenomena. One of the members of this circle was an actor named Stuart, who was recognized by all as a most powerful medium. The manifestations witnessed at these *seances* were so wonderful as to give to the meetings the distinguishing title of "The Miracle Circle." They created so much interest, that it was considered a special privilege to be admitted to this magic chamber. Mr. Stuart at that period was better known as Stuart the magnetiser, or magic-worker, than Stuart the actor.'

"The 'actor named Stuart' is now better known as 'the actor named Sothern.' Following sufficiently illustrious precedents, I used an assumed name when I entered on my profession, and I only resumed my own by the advice of my friend Mr. James Wallack. The 'party of spiritualists' was *not* composed chiefly of 'actors and actresses.' It would have been none the worse if it had been; but in reality it was composed of twelve gentlemen of high position in their respective professions, who, actuated by a common curiosity and interest, joined in a thorough, practical and exhaustive investigation of the phenomena of 'spiritualism.' We were quite ready for either result—to believe it if it were true; to reject it if found false; and in the latter case I at least resolved in due time to expose it. For more than two years we had weekly meetings. At these, by practice, we had succeeded in producing not only all the wonderful 'manifestations' of the professional 'media,' but other effects still more startling. We simply tried to reproduce the appearances and the results which we had heard of, and seen—and we succeeded. Pushing our practice and experiments further, we attained the capacity to execute feats much more remarkable than those presented at any of the 'spiritual *séances*.' An American gentleman and myself took the part of the 'media;' the rest of the company assisted; and I do not hesitate to say that we outdid everything ever attempted or accomplished by Home, or the Davenports, or any of the other more notorious spiritual exhibitors.

"Not the least of our discoveries was that the whole thing was a myth. We did all the spiritualists did, and more; but we were our own 'agents,' and had no need of recourse to supernatural influences, had we had the power to command them. We commenced our *séances* in a spirit of legitimate investigation; we continued them for the sake of the amusement they gave ourselves and our friends. We became famous in a small way. We had to start an engagement book, and to make appointments. People came from all parts of America, and waited for their turn. We got into a larger line of business than any of the professional exhibitors, and we were extensively patronized. The only difference was, we did'nt charge anything. We took no money directly or indirectly. Our entertainment being free was liberally supported; and when I add that the evenings invariably wound up with a jolly little supper, given solely at our own expense, it may be understood that 'The Miracle Circle' was much favored and warmly encouraged. The indulgence of our love of fun cost us some money, but yielded us an immensity of pleasure. To speak colloquially, it was an expensive but extensive 'sell.' We did put pens under the table, and get signatures of Shakespeare and Garrick, and other valuable autographs; we did produce spirit-hands and spirit-forms; people did float in the air—at least we made our audience really believe they did, which was quite sufficient for our purpose and theirs. We exhibited phenomena which were startling enough in all conscience, and we made our visitors believe in their reality. How we succeeded in doing this,—how we made some of the most intelligent men in America believe that they really saw and felt what they only fancied they saw and felt—how we produced results the causes of which were not apparent to the physical senses of the spectators—how, in fine, we did things which must have seemed to be, and what many of our visitors believed to be, supernatural and miraculous—I do not intend to explain. We *did* them; how we did them I do not feel any motive to declare; but I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that we did *not* do them by spiritual agencies. Yet professional and paid 'media' came and saw, and themselves avowed our superior power over 'the spirits.'

* * * "The object of this writer in the SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE has been to represent me as having exhibited 'spiritual manifestations' in America, and having exposed them here. I have stated, I hope clearly, that I did produce all the 'manifestations' and did exhibit them, but they were not 'spiritual,' and I did not exhibit them in public, nor for money. I therefore consider myself free from the imputations of having obtained money under false pretences, encouraged idle superstitions, or perpetrated blasphemous burlesques of sacred things."

GONE.

The Summer was long and sweet,
  The roses blossomed for me
Over a porch where fairy feet
  Went pattering merrily.

All summer the roses smiled,
  Hiding their thorns from sight;
All summer my passionate heart beat wild
  With a feverish love and delight.

Now, Autumn's rain drops beat
  On the casement, drearily;
The summer I found so long and sweet
  Has faded forever from me!

Under each thorny bough
  The roses are withering fast,
And my passionate heart beats slower, now,
  For the fever of love is past!

GEORGE ARNOLD.

THE SUBSTANCE OF THE COMEDY. A famous Latin poet, in a passage which is familiar to every schoolboy, speaks with proper harshness of people who to escape death will sacrifice the great ends of life. The line sounds, and is, a noble one; and we all feel that it is pleasant to be able to cite it, as if the great ends of life were something that we ourselves understood, and had made many sacrifices for, in our day. If some impertinent Socrates, upon hearing the creditable and popular quotation, were to insist upon knowing what life's great ends meant, we should probably inform him with some severity that it was the general opinion that honor and truthfulness and courage had at all events a good deal to say to the matter. And if he still asked why honor and truthfulness and courage were life's great ends, it would only be necessary to explain to him that it was because they were the only things which were worth living for. The answer would usually be considered crushing and satisfactory. And, from a logical point of view, the answer would have this advantage, that nobody could dispute it; for when one comes to think of it, and to follow the reasoning from its first stage to its last, it is quite clear that, whatever life's great ends may be, they certainly are the great things for which it is worth while living. The discussion with Socrates would have landed us safe upon this unassailable position, though perhaps it would not have carried us much further.....

The longer a man lives, indeed, the more he is forced to the conclusion that the great end of life is not to have a table-land. Women's lives are more complete than men's, and women as a rule have none. And as soon a woman goes in for table-lands, she ceases to enjoy serenity or repose. The particular mountain-top which she has in view may be the society of fashionable people, or the private run of some drawing-room, or invitations to somebody's ball. Long effort lands her there, and she finds herself in the company of a crowd who are all on their way to a ball or a drawing-room higher up, on a mountain-top a little further on. Even if she succeeds in obtaining the run of every mountain-top in London, she is exposed to this sad mortification, that she has had to struggle before she gets there, and the memory and fame of her social struggles remain an ineffaceable blot upon her golden shield. The wiser theory of life seems, after all, to be, that the perfection of life does not consist in reaching any table-land at all. Wherein does it then consist? In the development of life itself, and in the conscious glow of our powers. A great philosopher said so two thousand years ago, and the longer the world last, the truer his remark appears. Happiness is in the conscious pleasure of the race, not in the apple that is given as a prize when we reach the goal. The worst of it is that we are so trained by habit to strain our eyes towards the apple, that we scarcely perceive the pleasure of running till it is all over; and we are reminded of it by finding that the possession of the prize is but a vain and windy gratification. Conscious life is happiness, but we are almost unconscious of life till it is nearly done with. It is the burning of the candle which is worth having, but man forgets to enjoy it till the candle is burnt three-quarters through. Nor is it otherwise, upon the whole, than a melancholy thought that the very combustion of life's vital fire is the great end of life itself, and that this is the sum and substance of all philosophy, and of all that man can teach himself upon the subject.—*London Saturday Review.*

A WICKED CORRESPONDENT describes the author of a recent work on Shakespeare as "One of the 'Poor Whites' of the North."

THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1865.

AMUSEMENTS THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

Academy of Music.—This afternoon at 3, Public Rehearsal, No. 7, of the Philharmonic Society.

This evening at 8, second and last performance, this season, of the Theatre Français. Les Premières Armes de Richelieu, and La Partie de Piquet.

Wallack's Theatre.—Dreams of Delusion and Rural Felicity, 8 o'clock, p. m.

Winter Garden.—Comedy of Errors and The Fat Boy, 8 p. m. (Last night but two of Mr. J. S. Clarke.)

The Olympic.—Monte Cristo, 7¼ p. m.

Lucy Rushton's New York Theatre.—The School for Scandal. 2 p. m., and 7¼ p. m. (Several novelties in preparation for next week.)

Niblo's Garden.—The Huntress of the Mississippi or a Hundred Years Ago. 7¼ p m.

The Broadway Theatre.—Sam and Mose (Mr. Frank Chanfrau in both pieces), 1½ p. m. and 7¼.

Barnum's Museum.—Extra Circus performance at 11 a. m. Dramatic Performance (The Fairy Guardian of the Magic Well, a holiday spectacle) at 3 and 7 p. m.; also Circus and other performances, and the usual display of curiosities.

New York Circus (Hippotheatron).—Equestrian and acrobatic performances at 2½ p. m. and 8 p. m. James Robinson's great bareback act

One of the pleasantest things we have had to record, this long time, is the fact that the Herald's infamous article on Mr. Edwin Booth, published early in the week, created such a sensation among all classes of our citizens that Bennett is nearly frightened out of his wits. The wretch who wrote the article has not dared to show his face in public since.

Should there be another such demonstration in the Herald against the man in this country who of all others is entitled to public sympathy, the grave now being dug at the corner of Broadway and Ann Street may be filled even before its time.

Look out for next week's Saturday Press. It will commence a new volume and open a Happy New Year, we trust, for all our readers.

Spiling for a Fight and Fighting for a Spile.—The Fenians.

When Grau's operatic company arrives in town we shall join with the cockneys and others in wishing everybody a Happy New Ear.

A Quaker friend of ours boasts that he is so consistent in carrying out his peace principles that he not only never struck anybody in his life, but never yet so much as "struck ile."

The present condition of the "Irish Republic" in New York gives us about as good an idea as we can imagine of what it would be in Ireland if the Fenians once got the upper hand there.

The Herald grave-diggers are still at work at the corner of Broadway and Ann street, while a gang of marble-workers in another part of the city are designing a mausoleum for the place, in the style of a Concert Saloon, uptown, called "The Louvre."

Rev. W. H. Milburn, the blind preacher, is giving a very clever lecture on Milton. As we have had occasion to ask before, who shall say of either Milburn or Milton, "out of sight out of *mind?*"

A history of the late Fenian troubles is said to be in preparation, having for its motto:

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war,"

which is as certain as that

'When Deutsch meets Deutsch, then comes the mug of beer."

The Fenians propose to send a lot of Pikes to Ireland; we beg to suggest that they begin by sending Albert.

DRAMATIC FEUILLETON.

MISS RUSHTON'S OPENING.

I hope, Sir, that some one bailed you out on Saturday last, and that you were thereby restored to the bosom of your family in good season for the happy festivities of Yuletide.

Prudence of late has been my most characteristic quality, and I acknowledge at once that *I* made my escape early in the evening and before the policemen had fairly warmed to their work. But I make no doubt that you stayed to the end, and airily expressed your views of things in general, and theatre audiences in particular. For which reason I trust your respectable house-holder was duly on hand; or if not, then that you paid your fine like a man, and went home blasphemous but free.

Of course I am referring to Miss Rushton's theatre which was opened on the evening in question with all the ceremonies of a new police court. There was a large muster of "our governing classes," a considerable mob of patrolmen, and specials, and detectives; and numerous witnesses of high standing. The greatest confusion prevailed, as is apt to be the case in our minor courts of justice. Respectable people who had rights to maintain and urged them quietly and not too firmly, were at once put down; whilst others who were unembarrassed with either rights or wrongs sought every advantage that could be extracted from the opportunity. The possession of a ticket for a reserved seat was regarded as a sufficient proof that the possessor should at once be crushed. Gentlemen whose moustachios were lackered in a charming way and whose jewelled bosoms were the delight of all beholders, generally managed to procure chairs, and to keep them too by the valor of their arms and the power of their speech. Unhappily there were not sufficient places to accommodate them all, so that many were necessitated to take up their position in the lobbies where gracefully consoling themselves with the simplest form of the Indian weed, they formed a manly and impassible barrier. Saint Peter of Alcantara, as we all know, made it a point to keep his pious eyes for ever turned on the sharp and flinty ground, deriving no doubt great good from that holy practice, and hurting his feet in such a way that it was nothing but right he should have wings at last. If Saint Peter had been at Miss Rushton's on Saturday night he would have found a crueller and harder discipline in looking on the faces which were there assembled. Had he done so the worthy man would in all probability have experienced the consolation of a punched head, the tribulation of a locust, and the expiation of a night in a Station-house. You are not a Father (I mean in an ecclesiastical point of view) but your ways are severe, and it occurred to me, when safely in the street, that the possible fate of the Saint awaited you. Hence the wish which I have expressed in the opening sentence of this valuable contribution. If you are safe out of that crowd you ought to be thankful as I am.

There were ushers as well as "crushers" in it. Several bland and helpless individuals wearing white Berlin gloves staggered about the orchestra chairs, and vainly endeavored to seat the rightful owners thereof. They retired in rapid confusion, and were succeeded by their truncheoned allies, who also had to beat a retreat amid the jeers of the usurpers.

The confusion was temporarily brought to an end by the rending of the curtain (it divides in the centre) and the appearance of the company for the National Anthem. When this had blown over, Miss Rushton made her appearance, and attempted to recite a prologue. The lines escaped her memory, but with ready tact she excused the lapsus, and said "out of her own head" all that was proper to be said—if not more.

Then came the comedy—the "School for Scandal," which, I regret to say, was poorly played. Mr. Walcot's Sir Peter Teazle was a ghastly caricature of the part, ane one heard with amazement that at some remote period of her history Lady Teazle had discovered the gentleman as a "simple country squire." Mr. Walcot's voice had deserted him, and a town life we should judge has acted injuriously on his physical proportions. There is little of the country squire about him now. Mr. Harry Pearson (I follow the order of the bill) was a bluff and hearty representative of Sir Oliver Surface. A comic song or a hornpipe should, however, be introduced for the due display of the special powers of this hilarious and versatile comedian. Mr. J. K. Mortimer as Joseph Surface was ill at ease; whilst Mr. D. W. Waller as Charles was ill at everything. There are only a dozen more characters to notice, but as this kind of praise is exhaustive, I shall desist with the simple remark that Mr. T. Placide and Miss Lucy Rushton were the only people who seemed to know clearly what they were about. The lady possesses undoubted talent. It needs mellowing in the school of actual life, being at present somewhat crude. I am afraid, too, that she attaches too much importance to her wardrobe, but a few months of hard work will effect changes which I trust we shall all be called upon to record.

There can be no doubt on one subject: she has a pretty little theatre, and it will be her own fault if it does not speedily become popular. Whether she can attain this end by playing the old comedies is a matter which time will decide, but I am certain that the

audience of Saturday last would not insist on that selection.

If our friends of

THE FRENCH THEATRE

had such a bright little establishment they would know what to do with it. Even the Academy of Music was rendered cheerful by their presence on Wednesday evening.

The prices of admission were fixed rather high, being fifty per cent more than at Wallack's. This led to that peculiar mixture in the audience of the highest and the lowest, which one so frequently sees on such occasions. The extremes were strongly marked. A gentleman sat near me, clad in garments of ancient splendor, but present infirmity, whose interest in the play was only equalled by the powerful odor of garlic which he emitted in the course of his approval. Cut off by a bench or two was a perfumed beauty listening to Scribe's merry jingle in a kind of slumberous ecstacy, calmly accepting French as a necessary evil. When I see those things I always turn to the bill to read the managerial fiction that the free list is positively suspended.

Two well-known pieces ("Bataille de Dames" and "La Fille de Dominique") with such dismal attempt at stage effect as the Academy plateau rendered possible. They—the pieces—were very cleverly rendered, and beside introducing Madame Larmet and other old favorites to our attention served the useful purpose of debuting several new members of the company. It is hardly the proper moment to speak of these artists, and I shall simply endeavor, on this occasion, to get into the way of writing their names. The most successful debuts were those of Mdlle. Amélie Huiry and Mdlle. Potel. The first is an ingenious and charming actress. Her looks are calculated to make the flaneur frantic, and cause him to rush wildly into the extravagance of flowers. Mdlle. Potel belongs to a less sentimental school, being, in fact, of an eminently jolly turn. She is the mistress of many parts, playing no fewer than four in the vaudeville, and playing them all well. The male members of the troupe did not impress me very favorably, but it is hardly fair to say that it was their fault. When the company is duly housed in its new Fourteenth street house (corner of Sixth avenue) there will be time enough to say all that has to be said.

EDWIN BOOTH.

Every admirer of the legitimate drama, and every person whose disposition is, in the slightest degree kindly, will rejoice to hear that this admirable tragedian will positively commence an engagement at the Winter Garden on Wednesday next the 8d instant. If any indication of the genial intention of the public toward this favorite artist were needed, it could readily be found in the wail of loathing and contempt which has been excited by the recent assault on him in the HERALD. The troubles of that journal are patent to the community and to speak the truth they have been rather amusing than otherwise. If the theatres fought the HERALD it was natural that the HERALD should fight the theatres. The general public was quite content to look on and laugh. But when from sheer greed of an advertisement it ventures to attack an artist like Mr. Edwin Booth on the ground that his brother committed a great crime, it exceeds even its own coarse limits of decency, and brings down on the journal the indignation which in vain it endeavors to direct against the artist.

Mr. Booth's return to the stage will be hailed with pleasure by every right thinking man. He makes his first appearance in "Hamlet" but that tragedy will speedily be withdrawn in favor of "Richelieu."

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

It is rather hard that in this enlightened century, in the principal city of the West, in a leading theatre, and under circumstances generally of great aggravation, one should still be forced to listen to the silly dribble of a dramatic writer like Buckstone. Yet such is the melancholy fact. That dreary person's version of the "Green Bushes," has been revived for the advantage, pecuniary and otherwise, of Miss Lucille Western. I have seen the lady as Miami and am so low and exhausted that I think I should like to see her once more in East Lynne, especially in that dear domestic scene where an erring wife crouched convulsively by the fire calmly devours an entire woollen shawl to express the penetential anguish of her bosom. There is nothing so fine as this in the "Green Bushes," which I greatly regret, but the admirers of Miss Western can see a great deal of her in the role of the Huntress of the Mississippi.

The drama is nicely put on the stage. There is a good deal of jig and rather too much ballad in it, but where Buckstone is the writer these are faults on the right side.

I ought to speak of several other places but my space and my patience are alike exhausted.

A NEW DRAMATIST.

Do you remember Webb, whose initials were C. H.! He has written to me lately and requests that I put this question frankly to the public; for, mark you, he is modest and imagines that we *can* forget him. He does not know, poor innocent creature, that for a couple of years past we have been copying his poems all over the North; nor is he aware perhaps that he has received the sepulchral honors of half a line of praise in the *Nation*. I saw the chip floating on the deep and solemn current of that journal's cogitations but it eluded my grasp and I cannot reproduce it for your or his conviction. The frail bark in which I take my pleasure was indeed upset in the effort, and when I waded ashore it was to fine myself in the Freedman's Bureau,—happilly a dry locality but not poetic. *I* remember Webb quite well. We were on the most friendly terms. He tried all his new puns on me, and if I failed to laugh on the trigger—and sometimes it is very hard to keep your intellectual powder dry—he kindly offered to p-p-p-punch my head for me. ME a dramatic critic!

Little did the dear boy dream that he would live to write plays. Well, he has been and gone and done it. A few months since he produced an original piece called "Our Friend from Victoria" (of course the reader is aware that Webb resides in San Francisco)—a production of merit, the wit of which was so intoxicating that two of the actors got drunk on it the first night and forgot their parts. Notwithstanding the "Friend" received a kindly welcome, and established its author's position as the Brilliant Young Dramatist of the Pacific Slope. Lately he has followed up his initial success by bringing out a burlesque of "Arrah-na-Pogue"—an exceedingly laughable affair which I am glad to hear will be played at one of our city theatres. When that event occurs, I shall require an entire paper to remind you of Webb; and if about that time the gentleman himself should suddenly appear on Broadway, to the consternation of his enemies and the delight of his friends, no one need be surprised. By George! don't I pity the hackman who, taking advantage of our friend's Californian aspect, ventures to charge him, say, a quarter too much! Poor fellow, won't he get it!

C. B. S.

Mr. George Wood's new Broadway theatre—opposite the St. Nicholas—will be opened on the 11th or 12th of January, and will be one of the prettiest theatres in town. The two great features of the opening performance will be the reappearance, after several years' absence, of the famous Hanlon Brothers, and the introduction of a magnificent scenic effect, called the "Fairy Fountain," brought by Mr. William Hanlon from London, where it created nearly as much of a sensation as the great ghost illusion. Two artists, one of them (Mr. Sylvestre) of considerable celebrity, have been imported by Mr. Hanlon expressly to "work" the Fountain which, according to all accounts, must be nearly as attractive as a small Niagara with the rainbow on and the mermaids about. The Hanlons (five or six in number) are now in town practising some of their best feats, which will form a conspicuous part of a grand masked-ball scene in De Walden's new play, written especially for the occasion.

The friends of the late JOHN P. COOKE, so favorably known among us, both as a musician and as a gentleman, have opened a subscription list towards erecting a suitable monument in Greenwood to his memory. Over five hundred dollars have been subscribed already, and the list is rapidly increasing. The treasurer of the fund is Mr. William Garrard, of the De Soto, 71 Bleecker Street. Subscriptions will be received, also, by Mr. G. S. Haydock at the Eighth National Bank. We sympathize heartily with the movement, and are certain that our readers will do the same; for a more amiable, accomplished, and worthy man than Mr. COOKE—or one whose memory it will be more pleasant and profitable to recall—we have rarely met.

A QUANDARY.

MY DEAR PRESS:—

I want to buy a piano, and, of course, refer to your advertisements to find the best.

I read of Steinway that Mills, and Mason, and Maretzek, and Gottschalk, and every other musical fellow say it is the best, and so I make up my mind to buy a Steinway; but as I look further, I find Chickering recommended by Mills, and Mason, and Maretzek, and Gottschalk, as being, by all odds, the most superior, and I conclude to patronize Chickering. My eyes wander along, and find that Mills, and Mason, and Maretzek, and Gottschalk think, after all, that Geo. Steck & Co.'s piano is the best, and still further, that Schütze & Ludolff far outstrip all others.

What am I to do? Tell me before I go mad.

HYPO.

Answer: Buy one of each.—ED.

(From the Trenton Monitor.)

LONESOME.

BY KATE HURSTIS CRARY.

I am just as lonesome as I can be,
A heart that is heavy and thoughts at sea;—
The crickets sing loud and the clouds say rain,
And I sing to my heart this one refrain—
I am just as lonesome as I can be—
Oh, how I wish you were here with me!

Dark and gloomy above is the sky,
In gusty blasts the wind goes by,
And those little crickets out in the grass
Over it all are chanting high mass;
And I'm just as lonesome as I can be—
Oh, how I wish you were here with me!

If you were here I wouldn't care
Whether it rained or if 'twere fair,
For the wind that blows, the crickets that sing—
Wouldn't care for a single thing;
But now I am lonesome as I can be—
Oh, how I wish you were here with me!

For you'd get nearer the louder 'twould blow,
Just to keep the wind off me, you know,
And I never could bear to hear crickets sing
So I'd just hide my head beneath your wing;
And we wouldn't be lonesome,—no, not we—
Oh, how I wish you were here with me!

But its something to think while the crickets sing
Of the love which we knew an abiding thing,
And thinking I sing, but without the pain,
To my heart the same one old refrain,—
I am just as lonesome as I can be—
Oh, how I wish you were here with me!

Copied by request from the first number of the SATURDAY PRESS. [*October* 23. 1858]

SIXES AND SEVENS.

It was Saturday evening.

I had just dined at Delmonico's.

Meanwhile the city had undergone such a change that it didn't know me.

I hardly knew myself.

Union Square, tired of gazing at the statue of Washington, had cooly walked down Broadway and relieved the Battery, which was only too glad to exchange places with it, and which proceeded to consort with the pretty nursery maids of the quarter, as it had kept such company all its life.

Distracted omnibuses, turned upside down, with their wheels whizzing in the air, were dragging their reversed and refractory horses in every direction in search of the old localities.

An endless file of men and women, most of them standing on their heads, were dancing up and down the sidewalks, and leaping over, under, and through each other in inextricable confusion.

Fire engine No. 9 was winging its way through the heavens like a flying machine, with two hundred men and boys in red shirts streaming behind it like the tail of a comet.

Taylor's saloon was standing, roof down, in the middle of the street, and an infuriated policeman was ordering it to get on its legs and go home.

This spectacle making me hungry, I walked into the chimney of the building, and was drawn up by suction to the gilded eating room, where I at once ordered hard boiled potatoes and mashed eggs, which were immediately brought to me by a ballet girl, whom I had seen the night before at Laura Keene's, smoking a hornpipe. The room was full of people eating the daily newspapers and reading dry toast and mutton-chops.

Mr. Taylor was standing behind the counter near the door distributing money to all the customers as they passed out.

Having requested a napkin, the ballet girl offered me her handkerchief, on declining which and explaining concisely what I wanted, she brought me an umbrella.

I then ordered coffee, when, with incredible despatch, an extremely civil waiter laid before me the neastest of all possible coffeepots, containing the most delicious mocha ever drank out of Turkey, a silver pitcher filled with the purest country milk, boiling hot, and an ample supply of rolls and butter, which would do credit to Paris, though no credit can be got for them in New York.

In a word, I was "tight."

On leaving Taylor's, and receiving from that liberal gentleman my share of the money he was so lavishly distributing, I proceeded, as directly as I could under the circumstances, to Burton's theatre, where I saw Rev. Dr. Bellows performing the part of Toodles in The Serious Family, after which he danced a Highland fling with Madamoiselle L'Amoreux.

Both performances were received with immense delight by a crowded house composed of the cream of society, which, strange to say, stood the heat of the atmosphere without curdling.

I noticed that Rev. Mr. Tyng occupied one of the private boxes, while another was devoted to Henry Ward Beecher.

The newspaper critics, headed by Mr. Fry, were located at the back of the stage, and spent the evening smoking champagne and drinking real cigars, in which they were joined from time to time by the actors and actresses, who where summoned in a shrill voice by Deacon Hallock, the famous call-boy.

At the close of the entertainment, there was a loud call for Mr. Beecher, who came forward and sung a comic song.

To sum up, everything throughout the evening was conducted on the most liberal and approved principles, and (Mr. Bellows being a Unitarian) without a single violation of the "Unities."

In a word, I was *very* tight.

From the theatre I started for my room, No. 896 Atlantic street, Brooklyn, and being in haste took the Staten Island ferry boat, which, owing to some confusion on the part of the pilot, deposited me at quarantine landing, where, in company with George W. Curtis, whom I met in the ladies' cabin, I was arrested on the charge of having aided and abetted in the burning of the hospital.

My own participation in that event, however, having been disproved by the fact, of which I had evidence about me, that when it occurred I was in an Insane Asylum (which ought also to be burnt), I was promptly liberated the next morning and sent up to the city in charge of a benevolent fruit-woman, whom I fell furiously in love with, and was only prevented from marrying on the spot (wherever that was) by the fact that she had a husband and six full-grown children, all alive and flourishing on Blackwell's Island.

In other words, I was not yet sober.

On tearing myself away from the fruit-woman, having first accepted her whole stock of apples, and given my watch in exchange, I resolved to go straight home; but having taken the Fourth Avenue cars at the Park, found myself in a few moments, owing to the treachery of the conductor, who never touched at Brooklyn at all, in front of Dr. Bellows' church, which looked so much like a theatre that I entered it at once, and found Burton in the pulpit holding forth to a congregation of clergymen in defence of the Church.

On looking about me, I found that nearly every clergyman in the city was present, and was told by the one who sat next to me (Dr. Osgood) that their respective pulpits were occupied for this day only by leading metropolitan actors: Dr. Tyng's by Jordan, Dr. Hawk's by Jefferson, Dr. Spring's by Walcott, Dr. Potts' by Laura Keene, Dr. Osgood's by Blake, etc.; the only theatrical stars who had declined being Tom Placide, the elder Wallack—these gentlemen having pleaded other engagements—and Dion Bourcicault, who refused to preach without being paid for it.

I regretted not having been able to hear Jefferson (called, since his clerical performance, Awful Jefferson) and Blake, who are said to have been very solemn on the occasion; but it was something to have heard Burton, who treated his subject with a skill and pathos worthy of his great ancestor, the author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy."

The eloquent comedian commenced his performance with the remark that the common prejudice against the Church was to a great extent unfounded.

It was his opinion that despite its faults, it had been of great use to mankind.

Church-going might, indeed, like anything else, be carried to excess, though he knew several persons who had indulged in it four or five times a week for many years, and were nevertheless very good citizens.

He considered that although pulpit performances were sometimes of a questionable character still it was not to be denied on the other hand that they often had a high moral tendency.

Moreover he had observed that although the usual modes of applause were forbidden in churches, still the audience always contrived to manifest their delight at the expression of any noble or generous sentiment.

This was an encouraging sign, which, in his opinion, preachers would do well to profit by.

The charge that clergymen were inferior to other men in manliness and purity of character, he considered to be somewhat exaggerated.

It was true, that they were brought before the courts for criminal conduct oftener than the members of his own profession, but then we should consider their peculiar education and the temptations to which they were exposed, and judge them with more lenity.

Besides, in this respect, there had been considerable improvement in late years, although he regretted to observe, that when any of them had fallen by the way, there was always a diseased curiosity on the part of the public to hear them preach.

This he considered to be a direct encouragement to vice, as a preacher often acquired a popularity by confessing sins which he never could have acquired in the more direct line of his duty.

Mr. Burton wound up his very sensible discourse by suggesting that if men and women of the world—actors, actresses, ballet-girls, prize-fighters, editors, Bohemians, etc.—would only attend church now and then (and they would soon get used to it), the effect would be to liberalize the character of sermons, to improve the quality of pulpit oratory, and to elevate and ennoble the clerical character.

The service having concluded with a Doxology, Mr. Burton descended from the pulpit, and was immediately surrounded by a large number of eminent clergymen, who congratulated him on the success of his effort, promised him to do what they could in the way of reform, expressed the hope that he and his associates would encourage them in their good resolutions by attending church oftener, and finally invited him to a public dinner to be given at an early day at Tammany Hall, in celebration of the union between Church and Stage. Mr. Burton accepted the invitation—getting leave to extend it to his friends, Jefferson, Blake, etc.—and then went home to dine with Dr. Potts, who at once despatched a note to James Gordon Bennett and Horace Greeley, inviting their presence at a small card party in the evening.

Determined now to find my way home as soon as possible, I put myself under the protection of Dolly Davenport, whom I found in a back pew of the church, reading the Bible, and the next day at five P. M. woke up and found myself in—Jersey City.

This completely sobered me; whereupon I instantly resolved not to go to Delmonico's again for a year—a resolution which I kept until yesterday, when I took another dinner there, immediately after which (to show that I was in a perfectly clear state of mind) I wrote the above authentic narrative, now offered, with the compliments of the occasion, for insertion in the first number of the SATURDAY PRESS.

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A BOHEMIAN.

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